

sung with a thousand different verses, mostly about politics.

In fact, the "Dawg" song will be the campaign song throughout the country.

How the "Dawg" song got started no one seems to know. Like "Topsy" it just grew. But, whoever has heard it has not forgotten it, but has passed it on, by whistling and singing, to others. And so it has spread until almost everybody who keeps track of what's new in both politics and music, is learning it.

It's a fool bit of a song, at that, but here it is:

Wusnt me 'n Lem Briggs 'n ol'
Bill Brown

Tuk a load of cawn to town,
An' ol' Jim-dawg the onry cuss
He jes' nachelly follered us.

(Chorus.)

Every time I come to town
The boys keep kickin my dawg
aroun'.

Makes no difference if he is a
houn'

They got to quit kickin' my dawg
aroun'.

As we driv' past Sam Johnson's
Pasel o' yapes kem out th' door;
When Jim he stops to smell a box
They shied at him a bunch of
rocks.

(Chorus.)

They tied a tin can to his tail
An' run him apast the county jail,
'N' that plumb nachelly makes me
sore—

'N' Lem he cussed 'n' Bill he
swore.

(Chorus.)

Me 'n' Lem Briggs 'n' ol' Bill

Brown

We lost no time in a-jumpin down
An' we wipid them ducks up on
the groun'

Fer kickin' my ol' dawg aroun'.

(Chorus.)

Folks say a dawg kain't hold no
grudge,

But wunst when I got too much
budge,

Then town ducks tried to do me
up,

But they didn't count on ol'
Jim-pup.

(Chorus.)

Jim seed his duty thar an' then,
An' he lit into them gentlemen,
An' he shore mussed up the cote-
house square

With rags 'n' meat 'n' hide 'n'
hair!

(Chorus.)

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OUR PRECISE ARTIST



"He worked for nothing."